

A New Song, call'd

Coolen Bawn.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The Bold Lieutenant.

The Tobacco Box.



W. B. S. Printer and Book-seller, No.
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The TOBACCO BOX.

THOU' the fate of battle does on to-morrow wait,
Let's not loose our prattle now my charming
Kate ;

Till the hour of glory love should now take place,
Nor damp the joys be. ore you with a future case.

O my Thomas! still be constant. still be true,
Be but to your Kate, a. Kate is still to you,
Glory will attend you, still will make you blest,
With my firmest love my dear you're still possess.

No new beauties tasted, I'm their arts above,
Three campaigns are wasted, but not so my love ;
Anxious still about thee, thou art all I prize,
Never, Kate, without thee, will I bung these eyes.

Constant to my Thomas I will still remain,
Nor think I will leave thy side the whole campaign ;
But I'll cherish thee and strive to make thee bold,
May'st thou share the victory, may'st thou share the
gold.

If by some bold action, I the halbert bear,
Think what satisfaction when my rank you share ;
Dress'd like any lady fair from top to toe,
Fine lac'd caps and ruffles then will be your due.

If a Serjant's lady I should chance to prove,
 Linen fine shall be ready always for my love;
 Never more shall Kate the Captain's laundress be,
 I'm too pretty, Thomas, love, for all, but thee.

Here, Kate, take my 'bacco box, a soldier's all,
 If by Frenchmens blows your Thomas doom'd to fall,
 When my life is ended, thou may boast and prove,
 Thou'd'st my first, my last, my only pledge of love.

Here take back thy 'Bacco box, thou'rt all to me;
 Nor think, but I will be near thee love to see,
 But in the hour of danger let me always share;
 I'll be kept no stranger to my soldier's fare.

Check the rising sigh, Kate, stop that falling tear,
 Come my pretty comrade entertain no fear;
 But may heav'n befriend us, hark! the drums com-
 mand,

Now I will attend you, love I kiss your hand.

I can't stop those tears, tho' crying I disdain,
 But must own 'tis trying hard the point to gain;
 May good heav'n defend thee, conquest on thee
 wait,

One kiss more and then I give up up to fate.



COOLEEN BAWN

T WAS on a pleasant morning all in the bloom
 of the Spring,

When as the cheerful songsters in consort did sing,
 The primrose and daisy bespangl'd every lawn,
 In arbour I espied my sweet Cooleen Bawn.

I stood a while amazed, quite struck with surprize
 On her with rapture gaz'd while from her bright eyes
 There flow'd such killing glances, - my heart away
 was drawn,

She ravish'd all my senses my dear Cooleen Bawn
 I trembling then address'd her, hail, matchless
 fair maid,

You have with grief oppress'd me, I'm sorely afraid
 Except you cure my anguish, that's now in it's dawning
 You'll cause my sad overthrow, my sweet Cooleen
 Bawn.

Then with a gentle smile she reply'd unto me,
 I cannot tyrannize my dear Jemmy, o'er thee,
 My father he is wealthy, and has severe command
 If you gain his favour then take Cooleen Bawn.

In raptures embrac'd her, we swore eternal love
 And naught should separate us, we'd still loyal prove
 I hir'd with her father, and left my friends and land
 That with pleasure I might gaze on my fair Cooleen
 Bawn.

I serv'd him twelve months right faithful and just
 Tho' not being us'd to labour, was true to my trust
 I valu'd not my wages, I never did it demand,
 For I was more engag'd with my fair Cooleen Bawn.

One morning as her father and I being alone,
 I ask'd him for his daughter, saying fir it's well known

I have a well stock'd farm, pounds five hundred at
command,

The which I'd freely share with your fair Cooleen
Bawn.

Like one enrag'd with malace he scorn'd and did
frown,

And said, fir here's your wages, and so get out of
town;

Increasing still his anger, saying from me quick begon
or it is our brave young Squire that shall have my
Cooleen Bawn.

I went unto my jewel and told her my sad tale,
Oppress'd with grief and anguish we both did weep
and wail;

In length she said my jewel, how can I his withstand
In sorrow here you'll leave me, your own Cooleen
Bawn.

A horse I soon got ready, and in the silent night,
Having no other remedy, we quickly took o' r flight,
The horse he chanc'd to stumble and threw us both
alone,

Confus'd and sorely bruis'd me and my love Cooleen
Bawn.

Yet quickly we remounted and swiftly rode away,
O'er lofty hills and mountains without the least delay.

His father he pursu'd us all with an armed band,
Taken was poor Reily and his fair Cooleen Bawn.

Committed straight to prison, to weep and bewail,
To utter my complaints to the walls of a jail,

Bound with heavy Irons till my tryal it comes on,
I'll bear their utmost malice for my dear Cooleen

Bawn.

Once it is my fortune again to be free,

Knowing that my darling is constant to me,

Of her father's anger, his cruelty and scorn,

I'll wed my heart's delight my dear Cooleen

Bawn.



An Answer to the BOLD LIEUTENANT

IN london city there lives a lady,
 Who was possessed of vast estate,
 And she was courted by men of honour,
 Both lords and earls of vast estate;
 This lady made a resolution,
 To join in wedlock with none but he
 That signalized himself by valour,
 In the wars by land or sea.

There was two brothers men of action
 With them for valour none could compare
 To hostile dangers they were no strangers
 Nor war and battle did never fear.
 The eldest bore a captains commission,
 In the honour of colonel Carr,
 The youngest was a bold lieutenant,
 On board the Tyger man of war.

Now these two brothers became lovers,
 For both admired this lady fair,
 And did endeavour for to gain her,
 Likewise to please her was all their care.
 The eldest brother, who was captain,

great protestations he did make;
 the youngest b other did swear he'd venture
 his life and fortune all for her sake

Said she I found out a way to try them,
 which will most valiant and constant be,
 early on to-morrow morning,
 these two gallants I mean to see,
 and at the tower I'll have a trial,
 see who will from danger start;
 and he that does behave the bravest,
 shall be the governor of my heart.

She told her coachman to get ready,—
 when as she saw the break of day,
 herself and her two warlike gallants,
 on tower-bill they rode away:
 when to the tower they had arrived,
 she threw her fan in the lions den;
 saying, "He that now will gain a lady,
 must restore to me my fan again."

Then out bespoke the faint-hearted captain,
 being distressed in his mind;
 "In hostile danger I am no stranger,
 to fight my foe I was still inclin'd;
 here are lions, most dreadful roaring,
 to oppose them will needles prove,
 therefore madam, for fear of danger,
 the other champion must gain your love.

Then bespoke the bold lieutenant,
 With voice like thunder loud and high;
 To shew my love my life I'll venture,
 To bring you back your fan or die.
 He then advanced into the tower,
 Among the lions and wild beasts all,
 He then with courage and heart undaunted,
 Streight drew nigh where they stood all.

Then streightway he drew his raper,
 And boldly faced the lions all;
 Wher by his active and bold behaviour,
 To which these lions all did fall:
 They then seeing him so valiant,
 Down at the conquerer's feet they lay,
 So then he stoop'd and the fan he gathered,
 His warlike courage found no dismay.

This gallant action being over,
 Unto the lady he took his way,
 In her Coach as she sat trembling,
 Lest he'd become the lions prey;
 But when she saw her hero coming,
 And no harm to him was done,
 With open arms she did receive him:
 Saying, take the prize that you have won.

F I N I S.